

Animorphs Vs 'N Sync 2: The Sequel

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By Andalite Girl

Authors note: This story is for just plain, good old fun! If you have a problem with that then you can stick one of those teeny bop magazines where the sun don't shine.

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Chapter 1

Jake

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I sighed as I sat down and opened up an old ratty book. It was called Old Man and the Sea and it was definitely on the top of my ten most hated book list. I mean, I'm not a big reader or anything but how can someone actually like a book about a senile old man who goes fishing?!

Well at any rate I had a four-page book report on it due in three days. So I had to read it weather I liked it or not.

I was at the part where the old man won't shut up about baseball when the lights winked out. "What the hell?" I wondered.

Down stairs my dad started cursing the electric company. I walked

blindly out of my room and felt my way down the stairwell. " Stupid \*%\$#ing incompetent ^!#holes!" My dad raged. " What do we even pay them forâ€œ you did pay the bill, right?" He asked turning to my mom.

" Of course." My mom replied. She calmly pulled back the curtains on the front window. " Look, our neighbors house is alright."

" Hey! The phone is out too!" Tom chimed in.

I felt the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. This wasn't right. All of my well-horned survival instincts were screaming that something was about to happenâ€œ

The front door exploded inward, knocking me on my butt. The next thing I knew a light was shining in my face.

" He is the one." Said a high, squeaky voice.

Then something hit me on the side of the head and I fell into a deep sleep.

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It may have been minutes or hours later when I woke up. I was sitting upright, in a chair or something. A bag was over my head obstructing my view. I tore it off and looked around.

I was in a room. It was dark, with speakers ringing the walls. The whole scene had an eerie, surreal quality, like when you're on vacation in another city and Jeopardy comes on at 7 p.m. instead of 7:30.

" What the fuck is going on?" I demanded to the empty room.

A door I hadn't noticed before slid open and they walked in.

I had half-expected Visser Three flanked by his Hork-Bajir. But it wasn't him.

It was much gayer.

'N Sync

After our last little tee-to-tee with them I had done a little research. So I knew who was who (except for Justin and Lance. I could never tell them apart.) They were all dressed like they had escaped from the circus. With loose pants, florescent shirts and girly necklaces.

" Hey Yo, Yo, Yo! Wazup my homie?" Justin or Lance said.

One of them, Joey, smacked Justin or Lance in the back of the head, " Will you shut up? Just because you're from Mississippi does not mean you get to talk like that!"

" What do you want?" I said dreading the answer.

JC walked up to me. " Well honey it's like this. We've been watching you for a long time now and we like you."

" A lot." Chris added in his squeaky voice.

" So we would like you to join us. Be one of us. Be 'N Sync."

This was insane! These people were controllers. No, not regular controllers. Voluntary controllers. Did they even know who and what I was? Was this some kind of trap? " I don't deal with people who don't even write their own songs." I said.

One by one they looked at each other in shock, then they burst out into giggles while slapping each other on the ass. Then they stopped as suddenly as they started. "So will you join us?" Justin or Lance managed to squeal. He touched my arm with his hand and looked at me with puppy dog eyes.

I spit in his face. " NEVER!"

" Oh isn't he just precious?" Chris said. " He thinks he has a choice!"

As one they linked arms. " Just remember, this hurts you much more then it hurts us." JC warned.

Then they began to sing.

—

I drive myself crazy!

Thinking of you oo oo!

—

I closed my eyes and covered my ears but it didn't help. The words were like sledgehammers, beating into the barriers of my brain. Destroying what ever it touched.

I tried to morph but the thought was swept away by the pounding in my head.

—

I was such a fool

I couldn't see it!

—

The song that I tried to ignore became a hole, which I must go to if only to end that terrible, empty pain. And from that moment I was no longer Jake the Animorph.

I was Jakeyâ€| the 'N Syncer.

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Chapter 2

Cassie

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I was taking the temperature of a very pissed off bobcat when Marco rushed in. "Jake's gone!"

I was so startled that I dropped the bobcat, which ran out of the barn, never to be seen again. "What? Where? How!" I yelled.

"I went over to his house to copy off of his book report, but when I got there the whole place was surrounded by cops. It was so NYPD blue!" He shook his head in amazement. "I always knew the boy would go out in style." He saw me glaring at him so he continued. "Anyway, someone had broken into his house, knocked his family out and dragged him off."

"My God," I whispered. "The Yeerks!"

"No," Marco said firmly, "Tom was injured like the rest of the family. The Yeerks wouldn't do that."

< If not the Yeerks, then who? > I looked up and saw Tobias among the rafters. How long had he been spying on us?

< Well I'm sure that Jake will get out of it. > Rachel said, she was perched next to Tobias in bald eagle morph.

I looked closer. Then the northern harrier must be! < Prince Jake would use his morphs to get out of any possible danger. > Ax said.

"How long have you guys been up there?" I asked.

Tobias seemed to shrug. < Awhile now. I hope that Jake gets out of this quickly. That fool still owes me 25 bucks. >

I stormed out of the barn, completely discussed with all of them.

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Chapter 3

Cassie

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The next day was a Monday. I hate Mondays, always have, always will.

Mondays suck.

By the time I got to school, news of Jake's disappearance had already gotten around. So had some other news: 'N Sync was doing a special concert to celebrate the addition of a new member.

Who cares? I thought.

It wasn't until math class that I put 2 and 2 together.

Jake is gone. 'N Sync is adding a new member.

I screamed and ran out of the room.

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"No, no, NO!" Rachel said. " Jake would not do that!" We were back in the barn, discussing my premonition.

"It makes sense." Marco put in. "Poor Jake."

Tobias added.

"They could be doing anything to him right now." I said and shuddered.

Ax said sadly. < Although I do not look forward to itâ€| I still have nightmares from the last time. >

"The fansâ€| " Rachel muttered darkly.

So as much as we hated to do it, we morphed into birds of prey and flew to the just starting concert.

Half the town had to be there! Masses of people were crowded against the stage, screaming their fool heads off. Totally drowning out the sound of 'N Sync, which they came to see in the first place.

< Wait I think I see something! > Rachel cried, then moaned. < Oh no. >

< What? > Tobias demanded.

< Jake is down there! >

< Where? > I asked, looking at the crowd.

< On the stageâ€| there! He just did a cartwheel. >

I looked and sure enough he was on the stage, but he was much changed. He was wearing pants so baggy that all of 'N Sync could have gotten in (and might have at one time), his hair was bleached blond, he seemed to be wearing dark red lipstickâ€| and he had a high tenor voice.

< Jake! > I called, but he didn't pay attention. My brain was moving at a million mph. My thoughts tumbled in my mind, making and breaking alliances like underpants in a dryer without ClingFree.

Luckily, Ax caught my attention. < Why do the human females back stage have purple eyes? >

< Purple eyes? > Marco wondered, thenâ€| < Those bastards! They beat them up! 'N Sync are fucking wife beaters! >

We decided to land back stage, out of sight and demorph. " Where should we hide?" Tobias asked.

" How about here." I said pointing to the dressing room that said 'N Sync.

" Hmmm. Just one dressing room for them all. Who here is surprised?" Marco asked as we walked in.

The dressing room looked like any normal dressing room, save for the fact that there were nude pictures of guys on the walls.

Suddenly the music stopped.

"Here they come!" I warned. " Get ready!"

Five minutes later 'N Sync and Jake stepped into the room. They froze at the sight of us, Jake had the same vacant expression as the others.

" How dare you be in our dressing room!" JC yelled. " Out!"

I took a deep breath. " We are here for Jake. He is coming back with us."

"No I'm not." Jake said. He held Chris's hand for reassurance. " This is my home now."

" You are not my prince!" Ax spat. " You are someone vile who has taken his place!"

"Jakey is like a brother to us." Lance or Justin said. " And tomorrow when we go to the sharingâ€| he will be one of us."

Joey glared. " Fellas, lets sing."

'N Sync and Jake then linked arms and started to sing.

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Chapter 3

Ax

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Tearing up my heart when I'm with you!

When we are apart I feel it too!

I clawed at my human head. The music was terrible! Horrible! Awful!

It was beating its way into my very brainâ€| trying to take overâ€|

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the others. They had collapsed on the ground. They lay there twitching.

I cannot tell you exactly what happened next, for I am quite uncertain myself.

It was the singing, making me go insane.

Stop it

Stop it!

STOP IT!

I ran full speed into Prince Jake. The singing had to end!

Even through the haze of my madness I noticed a chance within Prince Jake. Something seemed to snap within his mind. He looked around in bewilderment. He then grabbed a microphone stand and swung it at Lance or Justin.

" Hey yo! Wadda do that for?" Lance or Justin yelled.

The others were so surprised that they forgot to continue singing.

Relive!

I felt straight flow back into my numbed limbs. My mind cleared.

Prince Jake threatened 'N Sync with the microphone stand again and they ran out of the dressing room.

"Jake!" Cassie cried.

She and he raced across the room to each other like two freight trains, one having left Cleveland at 6:36 p.m. traveling at 55 mph, the other from Topeka at 4:19 p.m. at the speed of 35 mph. They then embraced and kissed.

Prince Jake sobbed, " I was in my mind. I was trapped in my mind and didn't own my body. I think that's what was wrong with me. Oh, Cassie I even hated girls!"

"C'mon, Big Jake." Marco said. " Lets go home."

"Yeah but next timeâ€| next time we will kill them!" Rachel vowed.

The end?

Questions? Comments? Death Threats? Well e-mail 'em to  
me!Subvisser1@hotmail.com

End  
file.